

Panic Attack

BY [Sentarla](#)

Summary: A short P.O.V not light hearted.

Warning: None, although reading something light hearted after would not hurt <g>.

Notes: I am not really sure if Blair having panic attacks are canon or not, but although he is very together, I like many others out there believe that he has issues from his past and may have panic attacks. To people out there that read this and can relate, know that in this world there are many of us and we are not alone. Thanks to Bonnie for betaing this a long time ago.

This is dedicated to Mouse; the voice on the end of the phone or computer that keeps me sane and Gin, a fantastic roommate. Thank you.

Disclaimer: Not mine, wish they were, no money made, alas.

I wake up and the day is beautiful; quiet, and finally a weekend where I could sleep in. I hear my roommate pattering around quietly in deference to my restful state. Closing my eyes, I drift back to sleep, determined to use the time I have to the fullest.

Two hours later I am pulled from my sleep with a start. Taking a breath, I close my eyes and listen to the sounds around me. All I can hear is my roommate watching TV and going through some papers. Taking another cleansing breath, I lie in bed and try to work out why I was woken. As I go to take another breath it catches in my chest. Waves of pain and the feeling of being scared wrack my body. My breath is erratic, my stomach is churning and my hands shake. Barely able to draw breath, I realize why I had woken and try to calm down.

Escaping from my bed I grab my towel and rush to the shower, ignoring my concerned roommate and hoping desperately that I can wash away my feeling of panic in the shower like I have sometimes done before.

Twenty minutes later I leave the bathroom and go to my room to get dressed. My hands are steadier, and I am able to breathe again, but the fear is still there. It has been many months since I had one of these panic attacks. They are unpredictable and all encompassing. I feel like I am drowning in panic but there is no danger around me. I once tried to explain to my protective roommate what is happening, but it was hard for him to understand. I was unable to really go into details, because I have many ghosts that are not related to him, and I am not ready to share them. Sometimes without warning, my past demons catch up with me and attack with a vengeance. In the end, I was able to explain enough that I could get his help along with a small amount of understanding.

The rest of my once peaceful day I knew would be spent in reoccurring panic attacks with quiet periods in between. It is always the quiet periods that affect my roommate the most. He once told me that when I stop talking and drift into myself, I am so still it scares him. It reminds him too much of the times I am hurt and he can do nothing to help.

As I come out of my room I give a weak smile to my friend as he passes me a cup of coffee. The breakfast he has made for me is gone, as he knows from experience that I would not be able to eat it. Sitting at the table opposite me, Jim opens the local paper.

"You want to go to the movies, Chief? Moulin Rouge looks good, I wouldn't mind seeing it again."

Holding the cup with two slightly shaking hands, I thank all the deities for such an understanding friend. A movie would be a great way to help my mind escape for a few hours.

"Yeah, that sounds great, but, umm, could we see something else today? I just, I just don't think I could do Moulin. Could we see Harry Potter?"

Relief pours through me as my roommate does not question this and just nods his head and starts locking up the house.

"Sure, Chief, I have been wanting to see that one as well, Megan has been raving about it all week. You might want to grab a coat too; I was thinking of doing a few odd jobs while we were out, as well, and drop in on Simon. What do you say, you want to keep me occupied today?"

I close my eyes and try to calm my beating heart. It is times like this that I thank all the powers for letting this understanding, kind protective man into my life. Without a question, which I know he has plenty of, he gives me

what I need and then does it in a way that makes you think it is all for him, not for me. I love this man.

Hoping that this panic attack, like all the others I have had in the last three years, will be quickly laid to rest by my roommate, I put down my cup and go get my jacket. One day we will talk, one day I will share all my demons, but until then, I will just take it one day at a time and pray each day that I don't lose the one person who accepts me, demons and all.

~fin~

[comments?](#)

